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The Symphony

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"O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
The age needs heart—'tis tired of head.
We're all for love," the violins said.
Of what avail the rigorous tale
Of coin for coin and box for bale?
Grant thee, O Trade! thine uttermost hope,
Level red gold with blue sky-slope,
And base it deep as devils grope,
When all's done what hast thou won
Of the only sweet that's under the sun?
Ay, canst thou buy a single sigh
Of true love's least, least ecstasy?"

Then all the mightier strings, assembling,
Fell a-trembling, with a trembling
Bridegroom's heart-beats quick resembling;
Ranged them on the violin's side
Like a bridegroom by his bride,
And, heart in voice, together cried:
"Yea, what avail the endless tale
Of gain by cunning and plus by sale?
Look up the land, look down the land—
The poor, the poor, the poor they stand
Wedged by the pressing of Trade's hand
Against an inward-opening door
That pressure tightens ever more:
They sigh, with a monstrous foul-air sigh,
For the outside heaven of liberty,
Where Art, sweet lark, translates the sky
Into a heavenly melody.
'Each day, all day' (these poor folks say),
'In the same old year-long, drear-long way,
We weave in the mills and heave in the kilns,
We sieve mine-meshes under the hills,
And thieve much gold from the Devil's bank tills,
To relieve, O God, what manner of ills?—
Such manner of ills as brute flesh thrills.
The beasts, they hunger, eat, sleep, die,
And so do we, and our world's a sty;
And, fellow-swine, why nuzzle and cry?
Swinehood hath never a remedy:
The rich man says, and passes by,
And clamps his nostril and shuts his eye.
Did God say once in God's sweet tone,
Man shall not live by bread alone,
But by all that cometh from His white throne?"

Yea: God said so,

But the mills say No,

And the kilns and the strong bank-tills say *No*:
There's plenty that can, if you can't. Go to:
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid:
Business is business; a trade is a trade:
Over and over the mills have said.

And then these passionate hot protestings

Changed to less vehement moods, until
They sank to sad suggestings

And requestings sadder still:

"And oh, if the world might some time see
'Tis not a law of necessity

That a trade just nought but a trade must be!

Does business mean, *Die, you—live, I?*

Then 'business is business' phrases a lie:

'Tis only war grown miserly.

If Traffic is battle, name it so,

War-crimes less will shame it so,

And we victims less will blame it so.

But oh, for the poor to have some part

In the sweeter half of life called Art,

Is not a problem of head, but of heart.

Vainly might Plato's head revolve it:

Plainly the heart of a child could solve it."

And then, as when our words seem all too rude

We cease from speech, to take our thought and
brood

Back in our heart's great dark and solitude,
So sank the strings to heartwise throbbing
Of long chords change-marked with sobbing—
Motherly sobbing, not distinctlier heard
Than half wing-openings of the sleeping bird,
Some dream of danger to her young hath stirred.

Then stirring and demurring ceased, and lo!
Every least ripple of the strings' song-flow
Died to a level with each level bow,
And made a great chord tranquil-surfaced so
As a brook beneath his curving bank doth go
To linger in the sacred dark and green
Where many boughs the still pool overlean,
And many leaves make shadow with their sheen.

But presently

A velvet flute-note fell down pleasantly
Upon the bosom of that harmony,
And sailed and sailed incessantly,
As if a petal from a wild-rose blown
Had fluttered down upon that pool of tone,
And boatwise dropped o' the convex side
And floated down the glassy tide,
And clarified and glorified

The solemn spaces where the shadows bide.
From the velvet convex of that fluted note
Somewhat half song, half odor, forth did float—
As if God turned a rose into a throat—

"When Nature from her far-off glen
Flutes her soft messages to men,
The flute can say them o'er again;
Yea, Nature, singing sweet and lone,
Breathes through life's strident polyphone
The flute-voice in the world of tone.

Sweet friends

Man's love ascends

To finer and diviner ends

Than man's mere thought e'er comprehends.

For I, e'en I,

As here I lie,

A petal on a harmony.

Demand of Science whence and why
Man's tender pain, man's inward cry,
When he doth gaze on earth and sky?
Behold, I grow more bold:

I hold

Full powers from Nature manifold.
I speak for each no-tongued tree,
That, spring by spring, doth nobler be,
And dumbly and most wistfully
His mighty prayerful arms outspreads
Above men's oft-unheeding heads,
And his big blessing downward sheds.

I speak for all-shaped blooms and leaves,
Lichens on stones and moss on eaves,
Grasses and grains in ranks and sheaves;
Broad-fronded ferns and keen-leaved canes,
And briery mazes bounding lanes,
And marsh-plants, thirsty-cupped for rains,
And milky stems and sugary veins;
For every long-armed woman-vine
That round a piteous tree doth twine;
For passionate odors, and divine
Pistils, and petals crystalline;
All purities of shady springs,
All shynesses of film-winged things
That fly from tree-trunks and bark-rings;
All modesties of mountain-fawns
That leap to covert from wild lawns,
And tremble if the day but dawns;
All sparklings of small beady eyes
Of birds, and sidelong glances wise
Wherewith the jay hints tragedies;
All piquancies of prickly burs,
And smoothnesses of downs and furs,
Of eiders and of minevers;
All limpid honeys that do lie
At stamen-bases, nor deny
The humming-bird's fine roguery,
Bee-thighs, nor any butterfly;
All gracious curves of slender wings,
Bark-mottlings, fibre-spiralings,
Fern-wavings and leaf-flickerings;
Each dial-marked leaf and flower-bell
Wherewith in every lonesome dell
Time to himself his hours doth tell;
All tree-sounds, rustlings of pine-cones,
Wind-sighings, doves' melodious moans,
And night's unearthly undertones;
All placid lakes and waveless deeps,
All cool repose of mountain-steeps,
Vale-calms and tranquil lotos-sleeps;—

Yea, all fair forms, and sounds, and lights,

And warmths, and mysteries, and mights,
Of Nature's utmost depths and heights,—
—These doth my timid tongue present,
Their mouthpiece and leal instrument
And servant, all love-eloquent.
I heard, when 'All for love,' the violins cried:
Nature through me doth take their human side.
That soul is like a groom without a bride
That ne'er by Nature in great love hath sighed.
Much time is run, and man hath changed his ways,
Since Nature, in the antique fable days,
Was hid from man's true love by proxy fays,
False fauns and rascal gods that stole her praise.
The nymphs, cold creatures of man's colder brain,
Chilled Nature's streams till man's warm heart was
fain

Never to lave its love in them again.

Later, a sweet Voice *Love thy neighbor* said;

Then first the bounds of neighborhood outspread

Beyond all confines of old ethnic dread.

Vainly the Jew might wag his covenant head:

'All men are neighbors,' so the sweet Voice said.

So, when man's arms had measure as man's race,

The liberal compass of his warm embrace

Stretched bigger yet in the dark bounds of space;

With hands a-grope he felt smooth Nature's grace;

Drew her to breast and kissed her sweetheart face;

His heart found neighbors in great hills and trees

And streams and clouds and suns and birds and bees,

And throbbed with neighbor-loves in loving these.

But oh, the poor! the poor! the poor!

That stand by the inward-opening door

Trade's hand doth tighten ever more,

And sigh with a monstrous foul-air sigh

For the outside heaven of liberty.

Where Nature spreads her wild blue sky

For Art to make into melody!

Thou Trade! thou king of the modern days;

Change thy ways,

Change thy ways;

Let the sweaty laborers file

A little while,

A little while,

Where Art and Nature sing and smile.

Trade! is thy heart all dead, all dead?

And hast thou nothing but a head?

I'm all for heart," the flute-voice said,

And into sudden silence fled,

Like as a blush that while 'tis red

Dies to a still, still white instead.

Thereto a thrilling calm succeeds,

Till presently the silence breeds

A little breeze among the reeds

That seems to blow by sea-march weeds;

Then from the gentle air and fret

Sings out the melting clarionet,

Like as a lady sings while yet

Her eyes with salty tears are wet.

"O Trade! O Trade!" the lady said,

"I too will wish thee utterly dead

If all thy heart is in thy head.

For O my God! and O my God!

What shameful ways have women trod

At beckoning of Trade's golden rod!

Alas, when sighs are trader's lies,

And heart's-ease eyes and violet eyes

Are merchandise!

O purchased lips that kiss with pain!

O cheeks coin-spotted with smirch and stain!

O trafficked hearts that break in twain!

—And yet what wonder at my sisters' crime?

So hath Trade withered up Love's sinewy prime,

Men love not women as in olden time.

Ah, not in these cold merchantable days

Deem men their life an opal gray, where plays

The one red sweet of gracious ladies' praise.

Now comes a suitor with sharp prying eye—

Says, *Here, you lady, if you'll sell, I'll buy:*

Come, heart for heart—a trade? What! weeping?

Why?

Shame on such wooers' dapper mercery!

I would my lover kneeling at my feet

In humble manliness should cry, *O sweet!*

I know not if thy heart my heart will meet:

I ask not if thy love my love can greet:

What'er thy worshipful soft tongue shall say,

*I'll kiss thine answer, be it yea or nay :
I do but know I love thee, and I pray
To be thy knight until my dying day.
Woe him that cunning trades in hearts contrives !
Base love good women to base loving drives.
If men loved larger, larger were our lives ;
And wooed they nobler, won they nobler wives."*

There thrust the bold straightforward horn
To battle for that lady lorn ;
With heartsome voice of mellow scorn,
Like any knight in knighthood's morn.

"Now, comfort thee," said he,
"Fair Ladye.

Soon shall God right thy grievous wrong,
Soon shall man sing thee a true-love song,
Voiced in act his whole life long,
Yea, all thy sweet life long,

Fair Ladye.

Where's he that craftily hath said
The day of chivalry is dead ?
I'll prove that lie upon his head,
Or I will die instead,

Fair Ladye.

Is Honor gone into his grave ?
Hath Faith become a catiff knave,
And Selfhood turned into a slave
To work in Mammon's cave,

Fair Ladye ?

Will Truth's long blade ne'er gleam again ?
Hath Giant Trade in dungeons slain
All great contempts of mean-got gain
And hates of inward stain,

Fair Ladye ?

For aye shall Name and Fame be sold,
And Place be hugg'd for the sake of gold,
And smirch-robed Justice feebly scold
At Crime all money-bok'd,

Fair Ladye ?

Shall self-wrapt husbands aye forgot
Kiss-partions for the daily fret
Wherewith sweet wifely eyes are wet—
Blind to lips kiss-wise set,

Fair Ladye ?

Shall lovers higgie, heart for heart,
Till wooing grows a trading mart
Where much for little, and all for part,
Make love a cheapening art,

Fair Ladye ?

Shall woman scorch for a single sin
That her betrayer can revel in,
And she be burnt, and he but grin
When that the flames begin,

Fair Ladye ?

Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea :
*We maids would far, far whiter be
If that our eyes sometimes might see
Men maids in purity,*

Fair Ladye ?

Shall Trade aye salve his conscience-aches
With jibes at Chivalry's old mistakes,
The wars that o'er hot knighthood makes
For Christ's and ladies' sakes,

Fair Ladye ?

Now by each knight that e'er hath prayed
To fight like a man and love like a maid,
Since Pembroke's life, as Pembroke's blade,
I the scabbard, death, was laid,

Fair Ladye,

I dare avouch my faith is bright
That God doth right and God hath night,
Nor time hath changed His hair to white,
Nor His dear love to spite,

Fair Ladye.

I doubt no doubts : I strive, and shrive my clay,
And fight my fight in the patient modern way,
For true love and for thee—ah me ! and pray
To be thy knight until my dying day,

Fair Ladye :—

Said that knightly horn, and spurred away
Into the thick of the melodious fray.

And then the hautboy played and smiled,
And sang like a little large-eyed child,
Cool-hearted and all undefiled.

"Huge Trade!" he said,

"Would thou wouldst lift me up on thy head,
And run where'er my finger led !
Once said a Man—and wise was He—
*Never shalt thou the heavens see,
Save as a little child thou be."*

Then o'er sea-lashings of commingling tunes
The ancient wise bassoons,
Like weird
Gray-beard

Old harpers sitting on the wild sea dunes,
Chanted runes :

"Bright-waved gain, gray-waved loss,
The sea of all doth lash and toss,
One wave forward and one across,
But now 'was trough, now 'tis crest,
And worst doth foam and flash to best,
And curst to blest.

"Life ! Life ! thou sea-fugue, writ from east to west,

Love, Love alone can pore
On thy dissolving score
Of wild half-phrasings,

Blotted ere writ,
And double erasings
Of tunes full fit.

Yea, Love, sole music-master blest,
May read thy weltering palimpsest.
To follow Time's dying melodies through,
And never to lose the old in the new,
And ever to solve the discords true—
Love alone can do.

And ever Love hears the poor-folks' crying,
And ever Love hears the women's sighing,
And ever sweet knighthood's death-defying,
And ever wise childhood's deep implying,
And never a trader's glozing and lying.

"And yet shall Love himself be heard,
Though long deferred, though long deferred ;
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirled :
Music is Love in search of a Word."

Mozart.

FROM A PHYSICAL AND A MORAL POINT OF VIEW.*

We are acquainted with six authentic portraits of Mozart, which represent him after he had attained the age of manhood. The first, painted by Della Croce, forms part of the family picture, now in the Mozarteum, Salzburg ; a lithograph of the second is to be found in Nissen's book ; the third by Lange, Mozart's brother-in-law, was never finished. The fourth is by Doris Stock, sister-in-law of Körner, the poet ; two other likenesses, in our opinion, more characteristic than any of the others, are a medallion carved by Posch, in which the head is taken in profile, and a picture printed by Tischbein, in London, in October 1790 ; the last in date is probably the best. At any rate, Posch's medallion and Tischbein's picture mutually supplement each other, and enable us to reconstruct the composer's physiognomy, such as we find it in the testimony of his contemporaries. At first sight, it possesses nothing to impress the spectator ; nothing to reveal the man of genius. The lines are correct, but somewhat effeminate ; the nose alone, abnormally prominent, breaks their monotony. The curve of the eyebrows is elegant and graceful. The eyes large and fine, but the look, uncertain and absent. Mozart, short and thin, had that pale tint which, in an artist, or a writer, frequently betrays the fatigue of midnight efforts and the tempests of thought. His limbs were well shaped and harmoniously proportioned ; his head, however, broad and big, was not in keeping with his slender and delicate figure. He was rather vain of the small size of his foot, and of his plump little hands.

He was lively and restless, continually striking chords and executing scales upon an imaginary instrument ; but his fingers, so marvellously skilful on the harpsichord, were singularly ill-suited for anything else. At table, for instance, he could not cut up his food without the risk of wounding himself, and it was absolutely necessary for his wife to wait upon him as though upon a child. He was exceedingly particular about his person, and fond of dressing with great care, and displaying the jewels due to the liberality of Princes. His father used to laugh at him for his coquetry in this respect, and Clementi, who did not know him, when they met for the first time at the Imperial Court, took him for the major-domo of the palace, so elegantly was he attired. His imagination never rested. For this reason he preferred bodily exercises which do not require the assistance of the intelligence, and which do not interrupt the train of ideas. He was fond of riding on horseback, and of a morning took

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long equestrian excursions, which his absence of mind rendered dangerous, if his steed was shy or badly trained. At Prague, while writing his *Don Giovanni*, he was fond of playing at skittles in his friend Dussek's garden. Seated at a rustic table, he rose when his turn came round, flung the ball, not unskilfully, and sat down again to his work, following the game with one eye, and keeping the other fixed on his music.

He had, however, a marked predilection for billiards, and was a first-rate player. There was a table in his own lodgings, and, in the absence of an opponent, he used to practise on it alone. Hummel, who was a pupil of his, tells us how he would sometimes interrupt the lesson he had begun giving to propose a game. It was an excellent expedient for him, when suddenly attacked by a musical idea. The game enabled him to give the reins to his imagination and to elaborate motives. We all know that it was in this manner he composed the delicious quintet in *Die Zauberflöte*.

He was passionately fond of dancing, which he studied very successfully. He is said to have executed the minuet in an incomparable style. He boasted, moreover, of being a pupil of Vestris, and asserted most gravely that he was a better dancer than composer ; hence he never lost an opportunity of exhibiting his talent. He was an enthusiastic frequenter of balls, and always reserved for himself an important part, preferring that of Arlequin in preference to any other, in the ballets performed at parties in Vienna ; he frequently traced out the plot and composed the music for them.

These, it must be allowed, were very innocent amusements, and Mozart had no others. If we examine his generous nature—if we dive into his simple and honest soul—and no one ever lived more openly than he—we shall not find a vice or a serious defect to tarnish its purity. The public has a strange mania for identifying great men with their heroes ; it never imagines that the life of a poet, or that of a composer is dualistic. While the artist soars into the lofty regions of fancy, the man is often struggling in the mire of existence. It is, perhaps, because he composed *Don Giovanni*, that people have attributed to Mozart the tastes and adventures of the chief character in the opera. Nothing could be more opposed to the facts, just as it is false that he sometimes left his senses at the bottom of the bottle. He liked wine, and entertained a certain tenderness for a glass of punch ; the latter was indisputably a salutary cordial, which supported him in his heavy labors and refreshed his ideas.

At Vienna he resided for a long time close to a friend, the Councillor Martin Lorbl, from whom he was separated only by a thin partition. This honest German, a great lover of wine, possessed a fine cellar, and was fond of doing the honors of it with a liberality not free from vanity. The instant he heard Mozart's harpsichord, he went down into his cellar, selected one of the oldest bottles there, and, coming up again, silently passed it upon his neighbor's table. Grateful for this mark of attention, Mozart would express his thanks by a nod, pour out a little Tokay, and then resume his work, without troubling himself any more about the precious liquor, which was escaping in vapor from its crystal prison. During his journey to Paris, under the care of his mother, the latter wrote to her husband : "Do not feel anxious about any excesses at table ; you know as well as I do that Wolfgang can restrain himself." Indeed, Mozart says in his own letter : "At my meals I drink nothing but water, and only take a glass of wine with the fruit, to combat its crudity."

These are decidedly not the habits of an intemperate person, and his contemptuous words when blaming, on more than one occasion, the inebriety of his comrades, would alone have sufficed to make us suspect so stupid and perfidious an accusation.

Shall we now speak of the qualities of his heart ? Never was there a more respectful son,

while his affection for his sister was not less ardent and constant. He never failed to claim his share in her sorrows, little and great, and, even when the burden of life weighed heaviest on his own shoulders, he offered to receive Marianne in his own house, till her betrothed was in a position to marry her, as he desired.

He was no less devoted to his friends and comrades, and, more than once, was the victim of his own generosity. Anton Stradler, the clarinetist, for whom Mozart wrote his admirable quintet, was not ashamed to take unfair advantage of that generosity. One day, knowing that Mozart had received 50 ducats from the Emperor, Stradler, with tears in his eyes, came and begged the composer to lend him that sum. Mozart, hard pressed himself, could not do without it, but, not liking to refuse, lent Stradler two large repeaters, on which a pawnbroker advanced the cash. At the expiration of the time for which the watches were pledged, Stradler was, of course, unprepared, and Mozart was obliged to find the 50 ducats himself. Unfortunately, he was imprudent enough to entrust the money to his debtor, who unscrupulously put it in his pocket, and left his too confiding friend to get out of the dilemma in the best way he could.

Lessons like this did not render him more circumspect. He could not resist the impulses of his heart, and frequently endured privation himself that he might give to others who were not so badly off. He was naturally generous. One day at Leipsic, where he had given a concert, he remembered, just as he was about starting, that he had not paid his tuner.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"May it please your Imperial Majesty," replied the old man, overwhelmed with confusion by the presence of the Chapellmaster of his Majesty the Emperor, "I do not know—I have come very often—I should be satisfied with a thaler—"

"A thaler!" exclaimed Mozart, "No, No! it shall never be said that an honest fellow like you put yourself out of the way for such a trifle as that," and with these words he handed him two ducats.

Mozart was not liberal with his money only, but with his genius as well. As regards the latter, he always gave without counting, and was never tired of pouring forth the treasures of his imagination to accommodate singers, or satisfy their caprices. VICTOR WILDER.

A Pilgrimage to Beethoven.*

O Want and Misery, protecting deities of the German musician (unless indeed he happens to be the Capellmeister of a court theatre)—Want and Misery—you shall have the first and the most honorable mention at the very beginning of even this reminiscence of my life! Let me sing your praises, steadfast companions of mine! You have kept faith with me and never left me! You have kept from me with your sturdy hands all happy changes of fate, and sheltered me from the oppressive sunbeams of fortune! You have ever cast a black shadow over the vain goods of this world; receive my thanks for your most unwearying devotion! Yet, if you can so arrange it, I beseech you to seek out by and by some other protégé, for I would fain see, from very curiosity, how I could perhaps get on without you. At the least I beg you to descend with special force on those political dreamers of ours—those madmen who seek to unite Germany under one sceptre—for then there would be but one court theatre, but one single Capellmeister! What would become of my prospects then! Of my only hopes, that even now seem dim and dreary to me,—even now, when there are still many German court theatres? But—I see that I am growing wickedly audacious; pardon, O goddesses, the rash wish that I have uttered! You know my heart, and know how I am devoted to you, and how I would remain your devotee though there

should be in Germany a thousand court theatres. Amen.

Before this daily prayer of mine I begin nothing—not even the story of my Pilgrimage to Beethoven.

In case this important document should be published after my death, I believe it necessary to explain who I am, for without such an explanation much that is contained herein might be utterly unintelligible. Listen then, all the world, and you, ye executors of testaments.

My native town is a commonplace city of central Germany. I hardly know for what I was originally intended; I only remember that I heard one evening a symphony of Beethoven; that I thereupon fell ill of a fever; and that when I recovered I was—a musician. Perhaps it may be the result of this circumstance that even after I had become acquainted with much other nobler music I still loved, honored, and idolized Beethoven more than all. I knew no greater pleasure than to bury myself in the depths of this great genius, until at length I imagined myself a part of it; and began to honor myself as this little part,—to gain higher conceptions and views; in brief, to become that which the wise are wont to call—a fool. But my madness was of an amiable sort, and injured no one; the bread that I ate while I was in this condition was very dry, the drink that I drank was very thin; for giving lessons is not a very profitable business with us, O honored world and executors!

So I lived for awhile in my garret, until it suddenly occurred to me that the man whose creations I most honored—was still alive! I did not comprehend why I had not thought of this before. It had not for a moment suggested itself to me that Beethoven still existed; that he could eat bread and breathe the air like one of us; yet this Beethoven still lived in Vienna, and was also a poor German musician!

And now my peace of mind was over. All my thoughts tended toward one wish,—to see Beethoven! No Mussulman ever longed more faithfully to make his pilgrimage to the grave of the prophet, than I to the room in which Beethoven lived.

But how should I bring about the execution of my purpose? It was a long journey to Vienna, and I should need money to make it; I, an unfortunate, who hardly made enough to keep life in his body! I must devise some extraordinary means to gain the necessary sum. I carried to a publisher a few piano sonatas that I had composed after the model of the master, and speedily convinced the man that I was a lunatic. Nevertheless he was good enough to advise me, that if I wanted to earn a few thalers by my compositions I had better set to work to gain a small reputation by galops and potpourris. I shuddered; but my longing to see Beethoven won the day; I composed the galops and potpourris, but I could not bring myself to cast a glance at Beethoven during this period—for I feared to alienate him utterly.

To my grief, however, I was not even paid for this first sacrifice of my purity; for the publisher explained to me that the first thing to be done was to make myself something of a name. I shuddered again, and fell into despair. But this state of mind nevertheless produced several excellent galops. I really received some money for these, and at last believed I had enough to carry out my project. Two years had passed, however, and I had lived in perpetual fear that Beethoven might die before I had earned a reputation by galops and potpourris. But, thank God, he has outlived the brilliancy of my renown! Glorious Beethoven, forgive me this reputation! It was made solely that I might behold thee!

Ah, what bliss! my goal was reached. Who was happier than I? I could pack my bundle, and take up my journey to Beethoven! A holy awe oppressed me as I passed out at the gate and turned me toward the south. I would gladly have taken a place in the diligence—not because I cared for the hardship of pedes-

trianism—for what fatigues would I not go through for such an object?—but because I could reach Beethoven the sooner so. But I had done too little for my reputation as a composer of galops to have secured money enough to pay my fare. I bore all difficulties, and deemed myself happy that I had progressed so far that these could lead me to my goal. What emotions I felt—what dreams! No lover could be happier who, after a long parting turned back toward the love of his youth.

So I came into beautiful Bohemia, the land of harpers and roadside singers. In a little town I came upon a company of travelling musicians; they formed a little orchestra, made up of a bass-viol, two violins, two horns, a clarinet, and a flute, and there were two women who played the harp, and two female singers with sweet voices. They played dances and sang ballads; money was given to them, and they went on. I met them again in a shady place by the roadside; they were encamped there, and were dining. I joined them, said that I, too, was a wandering musician, and we were soon friends. As they played their dances, I asked them timidly if they could play my galops. The blessed people! they did not know them. Ah, what a happiness that was for me!

I asked them if they did not play other music besides dances. "Most certainly," they said; "but only for ourselves, and not for the fastidious people." They unpacked their music. I caught sight of Beethoven's great Septuor; in amazement I asked them if they played that, too? "Why not?" replied the eldest. "Joseph has a lame hand and cannot play the second violin just now; otherwise we would enjoy playing it for you."

Beside myself, I forthwith seized Joseph's violin, promised to supply his place as far as I could;—and we began the Septuor.

Ah, what a delight it was! Here, beside the Bohemian highway, under the open sky, the Septuor of Beethoven was performed with a clearness, a precision, and a deep expression, such as one seldom finds among the most masterly of virtuosos! O great Beethoven, we brought to thee a worthy sacrifice!

We were just at the finale, when—for the road passed up a steep hill just here—an elegant travelling-carriage drew near us, slowly and noiselessly, and at last stopped beside us. An amazingly tall and wonderfully fair young man lay stretched out in the vehicle; he listened with considerable attention to our music, took out his pocket-book, and wrote a few words in it. Then he let fall a gold-piece from the carriage, and drove on, speaking a few words of English to his servant—from which I discovered that he must be an Englishman.

This occurrence threw us into a discord; luckily we had finished the performance of the Septuor. I embraced my friends, and would have accompanied them; but they explained that they must leave the highway here and strike into a path across the fields to reach their home. If Beethoven himself had not been waiting for me, I would have gone thither with them. As it was, we separated with no little emotion, and parted. Later it occurred to me that no one had picked up the Englishman's gold-piece.

In the next inn, which I entered to refresh myself, I found the Englishman seated at an excellent repast. He looked at me for a long while, and at last addressed me in passable German.

"Where are your companions?" he asked.

"They have gone home," said I.

"Take your violin," he continued, "and play something. Here is some money."

I was offended at this, and explained that I did not play for money; further, that I had no violin; and I briefly related to him how I had met the musicians.

"They were good musicians," said the Englishman, "and the Beethoven symphony was also good."

*From *Art Life and Theories* of RICHARD WAGNER. Translated by E. L. Burlingame.

This observation struck me; I asked whether he himself was musical.

"Yes," he answered; "I play the flute twice a week; on Thursday I play the French horn; and on Sundays I compose."

That was certainly a good deal; I stood amazed. I had never in my life heard of travelling English musicians. I decided, therefore, that they must be in a most excellent position if they could make their wanderings with such fine equipages. I asked if he was a musician by profession.

For some time I received no reply; at last he answered slowly that he was very wealthy.

My error was plain; I had certainly offended him by my inquiry. Somewhat confused I remained silent, and went on with my simple meal.

The Englishman, who again took a long look at me, began again. "Do you know Beethoven?" he asked.

I replied that I had never been in Vienna, but I was at this moment on the way thither to satisfy the keen longing that I felt to see the idolized master.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. "From L—? That is not far. I come from England, and also desire to know Beethoven. We will both make his acquaintance; he is a very celebrated composer."

What an extraordinary meeting! I thought. Great master, what different people you attract! On foot and in carriages they make their pilgrimages to you! My Englishman interested me greatly, but I confess that I envied him very little on account of his fine carriage. It seemed to me that my difficult pilgrimage was more holy and loyal, and that its goal must give me more pleasure than him who went in pride and splendor.

The postilion blew his horn; the Englishman drove on, calling to me that he would see Beethoven sooner than I.

I had gone but a few miles further when I unexpectedly came upon him again. This time it was on the road. One of the wheels of his carriage had broken; but he still sat within in majestic calm, his servant behind him, in spite of the fact that the wagon hung far over to one side. I discovered that they were waiting for the postilion, who had gone on to a village a considerable distance in advance to bring a wheelwright. They had waited a long while; and as the servant only spoke English, I determined to go forward myself to the village to hurry the postilion and the wheelwright back. I found the former in a tavern, where he was sitting over his brandy, not troubling himself especially about the Englishman; but I nevertheless succeeded in speedily taking him back with the mechanic to the broken carriage. The damage was soon repaired; the Englishman promised to announce me at Beethoven's, and drove away.

What was my amazement to overtake him the next day again. This time he had not broken a wheel, but had halted calmly in the middle of the road, and was reading a book; and he appeared quite pleased as he saw me again approaching.

"I have waited some hours," said he, "because it occurred to me just here that I had done wrong not to invite you to drive with me to Beethoven's. Driving is far better than walking. Come into the carriage."

I was amazed. For a moment I hesitated whether I should not accept his offer; but I remembered the vow that I had made the day before when I saw the Englishman drive away:—I had vowed that no matter what might happen I would make my pilgrimage on foot. I declared this to be my resolution, and now it was the Englishman's turn to be astonished. He repeated his offer, and that he had waited hours for me, in spite of the fact that he had had his wheel thoroughly repaired at the place where he had passed the night, and had been much delayed thereby. I remained firm, however, and he drove away.

To tell the truth I had a secret prejudice

against him, for a peculiar feeling forced itself upon me that this Englishman would some time or other bring me into great embarrassment. Besides, his admiration of Beethoven and his intention to make his acquaintance impressed me as rather the impertinent mood of a rich aristocrat than as the deep and earnest yearning of an enthusiastic soul. For these reasons I felt an inclination to avoid him, that I might not debase my own pious longing by his companionship.

But as though my fate were trying to reveal to me into what a dangerous connection with this man I should some day come, I met him again on the evening of the same day, stopped before an inn and apparently waiting for me a second time—for he sat backwards in his carriage and looked back along the road in my direction.

"Sir," said he, "I have again been waiting some hours for you. Will you ride with me to see Beethoven?"

This time my surprise was joined with a certain disgust. This extraordinary persistency in serving me could be only interpreted in one way—that the Englishman, perceiving my growing dislike for him, was endeavoring to force himself upon me for my own injury. I again refused his offer, with unconcealed irritation. He cried out haughtily, "Damn it, you seem to care very little for Beethoven," and drove rapidly away.

This was, as it turned out, the last time that I met the islander during the whole of the journey that remained before reaching Vienna. At last I trod the streets of the city; the end of my pilgrimage was reached. With what emotions I entered this Mecca of my faith! All the difficulties of the long and weary journey were forgotten; I was at my goal—within the walls that surrounded Beethoven.

I was too deeply moved to think of the immediate fulfilment of my project. I at once inquired, it is true, for Beethoven's dwelling, but only to take up my quarters in his neighborhood. Almost opposite the house in which the master lived, there was a hotel, not too expensive for me; here I hired a little room in the fifth story, and prepared myself for the great event of my life—a visit to Beethoven.

After I had rested for two days, and had fasted and prayed, but had not taken a single look at Vienna, I summoned up my courage, left the hotel, and crossed obliquely to the marvellous house. I was told that Beethoven was not at home. This rather pleased me than otherwise, for I gained time to collect myself. But when the same answer was given to me four times before night,—and with a certain heightened tone,—I decided that this was an unlucky day, and gave up my visit in despair.

As I went back to the hotel, who should nod to me with considerable cordiality from a window of the first story but—my Englishman!

"Have you seen Beethoven?" he called to me.

"Not yet; he was not in," I answered, surprised at this repeated encounter. He met me on the steps and insisted with remarkable cordiality on my going to his room.

"Sir," said he, "I have seen you go to Beethoven's house five times to-day. I have been here a number of days, and took lodgings in this wretched hotel in order to be near him. Believe me, it is a very difficult task to get at Beethoven; the gentleman has many caprices. I called on him six times when I was first here, and was always refused. Now I have taken to getting up very early and sitting at the window until late in the evening, to see when he goes out. But the gentleman never seems to go out."

"You think then that Beethoven was at home to-day, but denied himself to me?" cried I, excitedly.

"Undoubtedly; you and I have both been turned away. And it is especially disagreeable to me, for I didn't come to see Vienna, but Beethoven."

This was very sad news for me. Nevertheless I made the experiment again the next day—but again in vain. The gates of heaven were shut against me.

(Conclusion next time.)

Keyed-Stringed Instruments of Music.

SIR ROBERT STEWART'S LECTURES AT DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.*

V.

Last week we had arrived at an important fact in the history of keyed instruments—that the Italian, Bartolomeo Cristofali (1711), the Frenchman, Marius (1716), and the German, Schroeter (1717), had each at nearly the same period hit upon the invention of the pianoforte hammers. The French and Italians, with a poco-curantism characteristic of their respective nations, had suffered the invention to lapse. The Germans behaved differently; the invention of Schroeter having been taken up by Silbermann (born 1684); Stein, of Augsburg (1728); Spaett and Frederici (1712); Hildebrand (1751); Lenker (1760); Seuffert (1781); and Streicher (1761). Of all these, Stein is perhaps the best known, from his being alluded to in the correspondence of Mozart. I shall not, said the lecturer, take up your time by referring to the well-known interview of J. S. Bach with Frederic the Great in reference to Silbermann's pianos (of which that royal Virtuoso had accumulated some fifteen at Potsdam), but merely allude to the fact that when Silbermann, having carefully finished two pianofortes, submitted them to J. S. Bach, that truly honest artist at first had withheld his approval until the manufacturer remedied some defects in the instruments. Of these one was a fault, found even in the pianos of our day, viz., a weakness in the medium-treble—not the very high notes. After repeated trials, Bach at last admitted Silbermann's pianos to be "without fault"—a valuable testimony, indeed, when we remember from whom it emanated. Into the merits of Stein's instruments Mozart's letters enter freely. Their touch, their escapements, their standing in tune, their pedals (which, by a sort of "bull," were said by Mozart to have been acted on by the knees), all come in for the praises of the great musician, who, moreover, describes with much gusto the grimaces and blunders of the pianoforte-maker's daughter, little Nanette Stein (who subsequently married the well-known maker, Streicher, of Vienna, and was the faithful friend and adviser of Beethoven). He (Sir Robert) would here remark that the pianoforte, as an instrument, was not at first very successful; it was a novelty, and the public are distrustful of anything new; besides, the new instruments demanded quite a different style of playing from the old harpsichords: that there were, in short, two styles of touch recognized, is made evident by the testy remark made by old John Cramer, at an examination of Logier's pupils, held in London in 1816—"that is harpsichord playing, not pianoforte touch." "Exactly so," chimed in the bystanders. Yet, although many of Bach's pieces, designed for the harpsichord, did not demand all the expressive and sympathetic touch of Mozart's music, we should by no means underrate the services rendered to keyed instrument playing by the inventions of John Seb. Bach. The principles of touch, as carried out by Mozart's father in the playing of his immortal son, were, in fact, chiefly those of J. S. Bach, of whose method of play he (Sir R. Stewart) would now read for them a description.

Before doing so, he would remind his hearers (of whom, doubtless, many were themselves performers on keyed instruments) that until J. S. Bach's time, the thumb was rarely employed. F. Couperin, indeed, made some use of it, but by no means to the same extent as the Leipzig artist. It was then the custom to play scales, with alternating passages, with both hands, thus:—[Here the lecturer played a florid passage, formed of the scale of B flat, from Bach's Grand Toccata in D minor, which was performed without the thumb, the first, second, third, and fourth fingers of each hand alone being employed.] As a proof of this custom, it would be recollected that in Carlo Dolci's picture of St. Cecilia, the saint's first, second, third, and fourth fingers alone are placed upon the keys, while her thumbs hang idly down. According to J. S. Bach's theory of touch, only the first finger (*i.e.*, that which begins the passage) was placed on the key. Those which follow are not all placed upon it; but they, as it were, spring in, the preceding finger being

* Reported in the London Musical Standard.

drawn back quickly. The finger which keeps down the key serves as a support for that suitable pressure of the lower arm required for the keeping down the key, but it is under the influence of the intention to continue this pressure to the following finger. Hence it is like a spring, which would instantly fly back to the interior of the hand, if the pressure were diminished, though but a little. This is done at the moment the following finger (which, of course, is kept prepared) shall serve as a support for the pressure of the lower arm. The finger, in gliding from the key, does not remain drawn back, but resumes immediately its natural position, suspended quietly over the keys until wanted again.

These words of Dr. Griepenkerl descriptive of the Bach touch (which was long a secret confined to that school) are most valuable to all players on keyed instruments. He continues:—"The energy and elasticity of the Bach touch is marvellous. Little or no movement of the fingers is apparent, and the rest of the body is motionless. Even the hand does not seem strained, nor are the fingers bent, claw-like, but suspended in a natural curve over the keys. It also spares the sudorific toil which renders so many players objects rather of compassion than of admiration. Contemporaries of J. S. Bach have told us that his playing (even with coupled organ claviers) never seemed laborious, and, in consequence, many attributed to him unusual strength of arm and hand. But this was not so: he only carried into effect the touch here described, and which was invented by him." As specimens of the two styles—the expressive or Mozartian style, and what Herr Pauer has so graphically called the "mailed style"—Sir R. Stewart now played from memory the adagio in E flat from a Mozart sonata, and a prelude in C minor from the 48 preludes and fugues of J. S. Bach.

The fifteen Silbermann pianos which Frederick the Great had collected at Potsdam, were stunted-looking, square-formed instruments, not unlike spinets. Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood had seen them there some 25 years ago, but in very bad repair. The regular succession of pianoforte makers would seem to have been continued by two apprentices of old Silbermann of Strasburg. Kirkman (Kirkman) and Erard (Erhardt) were both Alsations, not Frenchmen; and he (Sir R. Stewart) need not remind his hearers that the provinces Alsace and Lorraine, recently wrested from France by Germany, had always been German territory until the reign of Louis XIV. Pleyel, another French house of repute, had come from Austria, where Ignaz Pleyel was born near Vienna in 1757. Another honored name in the annals of the piano was that of John Broadwood, a young Scotchman, who came to London in 1751, obtained a prominent place in the employ of Shudi, the harpsichord maker, and marrying his master's daughter, succeeded to his business. This by the way seemed the regular course with them all. Kirkman had married Tabel's widow (and, as they would recollect, only gave her an hour or two to make up her mind).

Streicher, of Vienna, whose noble factory he (Sir R. Stewart) had recently visited, also had married the daughter of his master, Stein; and now we find John Broadwood had done likewise. No firm has ever been more eminent than this latter truly noble English house. Their instruments are of world-wide repute, while their liberality and high artistic feeling are equal to their manufacturing skill. To name one example, it was at the sole cost of Broadwood's house that the late Sterndale Bennett was sent to study the musical art at Leipzig in his youth. Their instruments were chosen above all others for performance by the greatest players—Charles Hallé, Ernst Pauer, and Arabella Goddard.

The founder of the great rival house of Erard was born in 1752. Sebastian Erard was a man of transcendent mechanical talent and daring. When a child he ascended to an elevation of 474 feet the lofty steeple of Strasburg, his native town, a feat typical of his future artistic eminence. Sir R. Stewart alluded to his first visit to Paris at 16 years of age; his dismissal from the employment of one harpsichord maker for displaying unprecedented curiosity—for being, as it were, troublesomely clever; his engagement with another firm, where he seemed to monopolize all the brains of the rest; his patronage by Madame de Villeroy, who fitted up for him an atelier even in her own chateau. His improvements in the pedal harp, and that piece of wonderful pianoforte mechanism known as the "Erard action" were also highly lauded by the lecturer. This latter invention had been produced in 1824, in which year it was described by the father of the great Franz Liszt as "the most important service of the day

towards the improvement of the piano; only one little peculiarity (continued the elder Liszt) I will mention. The touch is light, nevertheless you can give to the tone (which is very good) every different expression. After striking a chord you can make it sound loud or soft, without raising the hand. It is really astonishing." Similar testimony would be found in the evidence of the well-known civil engineer, Mr. John Farey, who says of Erard's piano in 1851, "The hammer is at all times under the control of the key, so that the smallest impulse can be at once communicated to the string. In Erard's action there is a spring applied which exists in no other action for pianofortes." By the kindness of the Great London firms he (Sir R. Stewart) was enabled to exhibit working models of most of these actions of Hopkinson, Erard, and Broadwood, which were most ingenious examples of engineering on a minute scale. The grand pianos of Erard had been identified with the performances of Thalberg (now unfortunately deceased), and of Franz Liszt, who was still alive, but had of late years become an Abbé and given up [?] the world, living in retirement at Weimar. It was of Liszt and the Erard piano that Heine had thus spoken in the year 1842, "He is here," said the caustic Jew-poet, the "Attila—the scourge of God to all Erard pianos: which tremble at the first news of his coming, and which now again shiver and bleed, and whimper under his hand, till it becomes a fair case for the 'society for preventing cruelty to animals!'" Yet, in spite of all the extravagance of his manner and his music, there was something inexpressibly attractive about Liszt, something above and behind that marvellous executive skill which put him at the head of all pianoforte players. There was really a great deal noble and chivalrous about this man, who, disgusted at the tardiness of those that undertook to gather funds for the monument of Beethoven, resolved to become personally responsible for the completion of the memorial, and carried out his views too, giving concert after concert for the purpose, nor resting till he stood proudly before the completed statue to Beethoven, which (mainly by Liszt's exertions) was reared to the great German musician in the market-place of Bonn his native town. It was during the tours given by Liszt for this purpose that the enthusiasm of his votaries reached its climax. Thus we read how enthusiastic German girls had worn bracelets formed of the strings broken by Franz Liszt during his concert tours, during each of which he was jestingly said to have demolished two or three of Erard's Grands. Nay, so extravagant had been the enthusiasm that some of them had been seen to drink the water of the pianist's finger glasses after Liszt had dipped his fingers in them. He (Sir R. Stewart) had stood beside Liszt when in Dublin in 1841, and well recollected the astounding execution he displayed in his transcription of the overture to "Guillaume Tell;" he remembered his singular demeanor when seated at the instrument, the manner in which he tossed aside his long yellow hair when it fell across his forehead; nay, even his sportively tearing the thumb out of his glove did not escape the eyes of the boy who stood by and admired the eccentric Hungarian. Even the most trifling traits of famous men were interesting. Were we not grateful to Dr. Burney for recording even how Handel drank off his coffee? It had been intended (Sir R. Stewart said) that one of Liszt's pieces should here, by way of example, have been played, but it would be deferred to another opportunity.

There had been two schools of pianoforte touch, mainly influenced by the nature of the instruments on which the artists played. The Vienna pianofortes, of which the touch was so light that Hummel and Czerny used the characteristic expression "to breathe upon the keys," and the English school of playing, represented by Clementi, John Cramer, and subsequently Sterndale Bennett. The English instruments had a deeper fall and a far more powerful blow for the hammer; they were therefore well adapted for passages in octaves, thirds and sixths, in which Clementi excelled, and for Cramer's four-part phrases. But when the "Concert-stick" of Weber was first published, the English critics ridiculed the idea of executing the *glissandos* which occur in it. This style of playing (they said) is only practicable on German instruments, the light and shallow touch of which hardly requires the strength of a child; whoever attempts them on an English piano will retire from service with wounded fingers! What was then impossible is now easily done upon English pianos, so vastly is the mechanism improved.

Here the lecturer played the long *glissando*, and a few bars of the March in Weber's piece, which it

introduces. The lecture was concluded by playing a *rondo* of Clementi (born 1752), the founder of the famous firm, Clementi, Collard and Collard.

WAGNER'S METHOD. Here is what an English musician (H. J. Gauntlett) says of "Lohengrin" in the *Concordia*:

There is so much marvellous talent in the dramatic music of Wagner, that we listen and forgive him the strain upon our patience. But neither our pulse nor our heart move with him in what we may term, "coincidental vibrations;" and these, as our readers well know, are the essence and foundation of harmony. We decline all "synchronism" with his tones, and almost doubt the propriety of his concordances, few and rare as they appear. His stock of ideas is by no means wealthy, and he spreads them over much canvas; his color is generally high, and there is no repose. His style is of the school of decadence—commonplace thought with no deep meaning; everything tricked out and made gorgeous, until, at times, it falls little short of stilted bombast and downright vulgarity. There is no room for growth, for nothing is simple, and much is not sensible. His elevation is caricature, and oftentimes painful and affected. In place of "casting off bondage," he has voluntarily put on the manacles. But his chief error lies in his system of ignoring the presence and power of language-rhythms. He is setting to music, thought, feeling, and language expressed in poetical music-forms, which at times display the glorious alliteration, or jingle of rhyme. Poetry has its *versus* or turn; it holds its measure or metre, and these appear inside the rhythms. All these essentialities of poetry have been considered in reference to song; and the "to and fro" of verse has been splendidly and admirably fitted into a classical framework of music. The *reposes* and *cadences* of poetry have been adjusted to the *reposes* and *cadences* of the gamut, and where "the turn" comes in poetry, the well educated ear expects to hear "the turn" in the music. Ancient poetry was not in rhyme, hardly in measure, but its true strength lay in the parallels of the idea, the consequent replying to the antecedent. And this parallel of idea was the foundation of all musical composition, and remains so to this day. "Correspondency" in mental imaginative invention is the grand secret of all fine art. Now let our readers take the finale of any opera by Mozart, of the *Fidelio* by Beethoven, and compare it side by side with the finale by Wagner. With Mozart and Beethoven, there is a constant analogy between music and language; the *persona* express themselves strongly but naturally—there is unity, the one thing of more importance than all others, right subordinates, orderly succession, consistent radiation, and all governed by the wisest of all motive powers—the time when and where to stop. The art-order of the verse quantities is ever maintained in the *schemata* of the music. In Wagner we find a prodigality of progressions which leaves no impress. As to parallel there is none, and even the link and the call are not readily discovered. There is the most inordinate use of chromatic chords, and meaningless employ of that "refuge for the destitute," the chord of the three minor thirds, which with Wagner means restlessness, indecision, and ceaseless turmoil. Writing upon the temperament, he is thoroughly indifferent as to his notation, which is careless, and oftentimes ungrammatical. His music exhibits such a confusion of keys that tonality may be said to be non-existent. *Lohengrin* illustrates an illimitable disregard of tonal relationship. Its cadences are rarely symmetrical, and they present themselves in defiance of the calls and analogies of the words. Old poetry was made to be sung—modern poetry is made to be read; but no poetry on earth has been made to correspond to the Wagner processes. The heart and the lungs are the common and twin time-beaters of the human frame; and "the to and fro," the law of nature's *kinesis*, passes onwards to language, poetry, and music. In the latter we have the isochronous motion, but with "the flow and ebb," as with the human pulse; and there is a hidden synchronism with all three. Wagner's system is atomic. The atoms have no correspondency, but are engaged in one everlasting conflict. The forms of his language-melodies—if melodies they may be termed—are modelled on one last; and as his poetic line is oftentimes of ten syllables, this pattern is, on constant repetition, irritating to the highest degree. This antagonism of Wagner, this fight between song and the secondary chords which he commonly employs, is the true cause of his non-popularity. He may have made the materials he uses for his music the necessity of his system, but

the system is no real advance, and is one inconsistent with real growth in art. It is only a corner of the field, and by this time a used-up corner. Still, the wonderful vigor and tact of this Emperor of orchestras may keep it for some time before the public, and he may find not a few admirers. But *Lohengrin* is not "a joy" in Covent Garden, for the principals are as troubled to hold their parts as on the first night; and the clever instrumentalists, on each repetition, discover their affection for it is by no means on the increase.

Dr. Hans-Guido Von Bülow.

(From the Concordia.)

The enormous popularity of the pianoforte as a domestic instrument, has rendered the position of the professional pianist at once easy and difficult. Easy, because he appeals to what is most familiar; but difficult, because that very familiarity is apt to breed a certain indifference to his art. How can he cope with this? How is he, over and above the obvious attraction of fine music, to become interesting? The answer is in one word—Individuality.

Every player who is more than an accomplished artist, "places" himself by this one quality. Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, M^{me}. Schumann, Rubinstein, and, lastly, Von Bülow, have easily taken the front rank by force of Individuality.

Critics may say what they like; grave heads may shake and look dubious; but a certain personal force will, in the end, silence detraction and shame envy. Meanwhile, picking holes in great reputations seems still to be a lucrative profession, but it never can answer in the long run. Who cares whether a consecutive fifth can or cannot be found in S. Bach's music, or an illegal resolution in Schumann's; who wants to know whether Joachim ever forgot his part, or Sims Reeves ever sang out of tune, or whether Rubinstein thumps, or Von Bülow has ever happened to leave out a note? Why, if no more matters, *pace* the critics, than whether Beethoven was or was not in the habit of picking his teeth with the snuffers after dinner.

Dr. Von Bülow is the son of the novelist, Baron E. Von Bülow, and was born at Dresden, January 8, 1830. He studied music as an amateur under F. Wieck—a name illustrious in England through Madame Schumann (*née* Wieck). In 1848, the year after Mendelssohn's death, he went to Leipzig and then to Berlin, to study law at the University; but though endowed with splendid intellectual abilities, and a force of character which would doubtless have commanded success in many another sphere, his impetuously musical organization carried the day, and, after consulting Liszt and Wagner, he accepted the post of *chef d'orchestre* at Zurich, and early became identified with those startling developments of the dramatic and musical art then going on under Wagner, and of which we, in England, are slowly beginning to take notice. The incomparable Liszt has, throughout, been his guide and instructor on the pianoforte, and the mantle, happily not yet dropped by that prodigious artist, may be said to cover his great disciple; though it is doubtful whether so powerful and original a personage as Von Bülow can ever be quite classed as any one's disciple, so entirely has he become his own master.

He appeared as a public pianist for the first time in June, 1852, at the Ballenstadt Musical Festival under Liszt. About the same time he composed the music to *Julius Cæsar* for the Weimar Court Theatre, and began to throw himself with impetuosity into the great controversy which has been raging ever since between the older schools of the Present and what has been somewhat maliciously called the music of the Future. His articles in the *Leipziger Musical Gazette* may be described as slashing and fundamental, and early proved to the world that Dr. Von Bülow knows the philosophy of his art, and is prepared to hold the lists against all comers.

On a concert tour through Vienna and Hungary he established and extended his growing reputation, achieving an immense success at Pesth, Hanover, Brunswick and Hamburg. In 1854 he succeeded Kullak as first Professor of the Piano at the Conservatoire, and after another concert tour through Breslau, Posen, and Dantzic, he settled down at Berlin in 1855. In 1859–60, he visited Paris and played with great *clat* to the most critical audience in the world.

In 1864, Dr. Von Bülow was invited to Munich to conduct Wagner's opera *Tristan und Isolde*. In 1867 he was commanded by the King of Bavaria to found, with Wagner's coöperation, a School of Music at Munich, and was then appointed first Capellmeister to the opera, and under his direction all Wagner's

operas were given without curtailment. In 1869 he relinquished his post at Munich owing to ill health and resided for two years in Florence.

In 1873, yielding it is said to the persuasive power of our countryman, Mr. Grünsen, Dr. Von Bülow was induced to cross the Channel for the first time.

The public soon became familiar with those prodigious programmes, embracing the most complex pianoforte music of schools ancient and modern, invariably played from memory with unerring accuracy and with hardly any rest. One recital after another drew crowded audiences to St. James Hall, with no other attraction besides Dr. Von Bülow and a grand Broadwood piano, and the verdict was universal, that since Liszt's appearance (for Rubinstein can hardly be said to have appeared) no piano playing of equal calibre had been heard in England.

H. R. HAWES.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1875.

Musical Materialism.

Musical Art, in this country, and perhaps the world over, seems to be forgetting its own soul and growing quite materialistic. This shows itself in various ways, and mostly in what it is the fashion to proclaim as "progress." What progress has the present age to show in music? What besides an unprecedented finish and perfection in performance, technical execution, and some startling (but speedily fatiguing) novelties of *effect*?—both, virtually, confessions of a *blatant* condition of the musical temperament, and of an exhausted, barren period in musical creation. Where are the inspired ones? the men of great original genius, whom the world will always return to with delight as we do to Bach and Beethoven, to the "classics" so called because they never grow old? Where are the great musical creators? We have great ambitions; great arts of *réclame*, wonderful gift for advertising! wonderful performers. But has not Art, true Art, sincere, poetic, inspired Art, a soul distinct from and unspeakably above all that we call *virtuosity*,—that charm of beautiful "remoteness," so often felt in a fine person or a fine poem,—remote from nothing so much as the *effect* music of the day, whose chief skill lies in its persistent forcing of itself upon you, with a terrible *nearness*, leaving nothing to your own imagination, no room for any free subjective coöperation of the hearer's mind in the production of the musical impression, and therefore planting no fine fire-seeds in his breast, no memories to haunt him like a lover with a divine sweet unrest? In short how shall one proceed to fall in love with the intruder? What is the heaven storming new composer's fame to our sincere contented love of music? The fashion-monger's patterns, changing with the seasons, like the new music, may astonish and excite, but can they win one from the ideal beauty, who has ever felt it?

—We do not feel that we succeed in fairly expressing what we mean. Suffice it to say: we charge the modern effect music with materialism, first, because, being comparatively poor and often vulgar in *ideas*, it seeks to cover the defect by an imposing rhetoric; a grandiose and pompous manner; clothing weak outline, form that is mean or meaningless, with a deceptive wealth of coloring. It delights in exaggeration of contrasts; it abounds in affectations, sentimental *pianissimos* alternating with stupendous crises, which are simply physical and lack intensity of the intrinsic sort, the intensity of the "still, small voice," which also it affects sometimes. Then as for intensity of feeling, do we not have to go back to our dear great masters to find that? Declamation takes its place to-day, a muscular energy resembling passion, only failing to

impart it; or a sickly, soft, melodious pathos which puts hearty sympathies to flight.

It is not necessary to deny all right in original ideas, all beauty, power or individuality to all the host of new composers, in order to make out our charge of a materialistic tendency in music. The modern music puts the means before the end; or rather, it constructs an end out of the newly developed means and instruments of musical performance. This began with the solo-playing *virtuosos*. They invented music for themselves to play; they did not first create ideal music, and then study how to play it, to express it. Their brilliant fantasias, transcriptions, variations, for a time, threw the classical Sonatas, the sincere tone-poems of whatever form, into the shade; the dazzling magician, the performer, planted himself before the music, stood between you and music, and the applause meant *him*. And now this tide, which has in a great measure exhausted itself and receded in the solo artists, who now pride themselves on their classical programmes, it being their ambition to be regarded as "interpreters" (for no pianist now-a-days is ever known to *play*; he "interprets," even if it be variations upon "Shoo fly,")—this tendency, we say, is now invading the large musical ensembles, orchestras especially, and even Choral bodies. We have had such admirable examples of technical perfection of orchestral execution in the travelling organization which has visited our principal cities in their turn for half a dozen years, lingering in places where the love of great music for pure music's sake has labored most to build up some means of its own for the un-failing return of such delights, that now the public taste has grown marvellously fastidious and exacting in the matter of performance,—we should say the manner. Once we loved fine music; now we seem to care more about the way in which it is presented. Once we were thankful to get at the soul and meaning of a noble composition through whatever means of most inadequate performance, by slow degrees, striving to meet the intention half way, thus exercising our own brain and feeling, spelling out the divine word from an obscure and faded copy with a perseverance pretty sure to be rewarded with an undying love of the ideal treasure when we had once reached it. It was in this way that that remarkable love and sincere appreciation of the Beethoven Symphonies in what formed so long ago *par excellence* the Boston musical public, or only circle if you please, became a social fact. We of the past generation here owe all our love of Beethoven to the repetition year after year of—not indifferent, for they were hearty—but of quite imperfect performances. Nor could the most technically perfect rendering of a Symphony by the ideal orchestra, say that of Thomas, add one iota to the love and feeling for it in which these persons had grown up before. Nay many of them loved those Symphonies too well—(not technical musicians either)—not to be able to convict the Thomas renderings—in spite of all their wonderful precision, their searching accent, their euphonious blending of pure tone qualities, their light and shade, their exquisite elegance of finish,—of frequent perversions of the spirit, tempo and intention of their movements; a photograph may be wonderfully fine as such, and yet reproduce the dear face as we never wish to see it.

Far be it from us to undervalue the importance of fine execution. The model which has been set to the whole country in that respect is indeed invaluable. But there is such a thing as carrying this demand to an unreasonable excess; as making the technically perfect execution of a work of so much account that one becomes comparatively indifferent to the beauty and the meaning of the composition in itself. One effect of the delight and admiration caused by the

finished performance of an exceptionally perfect orchestra, is to make people like that music best which is played best, till they learn to estimate the beauty or the grandeur of a composition by the degree in which it brings out the brilliant and startling, or the delicate and subtle qualities of the orchestra. Programmes are motived upon that; there is indiscriminate mingling of sensational matter with the intrinsically beautiful, of startling extravaganzas with the masterpieces of pure music. The well-bred musician, the cultured amateur with settled tastes, is proof against this influence perhaps, and he may gratify his curiosity to hear "the new music" without danger to himself. But the public is a child in Art; the public listens and is astonished and excited with a new strange joy and wonder; the sound of the orchestra transports it to the third heavens, and it thinks the music in itself, the composition, is divine; its simple imagination proceeds forthwith to invest the author, the composer with all the glory and the halo of that marvellous performance. Perhaps in course of time this child will begin to discriminate and to perceive an everwidening difference of high and low, of pure and meretricious, true and false between Beethoven, Bach, Schumann on the one side, and others that shall be nameless on the other; but it is quite uncertain. Meanwhile there is another class of music-lovers, another public, which from a child has enjoyed advantages, less brilliant perhaps, but more intrinsic, for the formation of an appreciative taste in music, and in a more humble, quiet, earnest, groping way; seeking acquaintance before all with what is best, in music, most instinct with truth and beauty and nobility with the inspired works of the greatest masters, with the classic models of the Art. And these have been lovers and devout admirers of the great Symphonies &c., have in a sense learned to know them, in their hearts, if not with the technical and analytical understanding,—and all this without ever in their lives having heard anything like the model orchestra of this day, or any very near approach to a perfectly clear and faultless interpretation. Which class, in the long run, will have had the richest, deepest, purest and intensest joy in music? Can any extra grace of performance make the latter love a Beethoven symphony more truly than he did before? He, through repeated hearing of indifferent performances, has somehow worked his way to the very heart and meaning of the composition, and knows how great it is. The other, taken at a later day, is all at once surprised and overwhelmed with a sonorous beauty and splendor which he had not dreamed that instruments or music had the secret of producing; to him it is all alike, all beautiful and perfect, Beethoven no better than Berlioz or Brahms or Raff. Where will it end? We fancy we can see which way it is leading. The former class is doubtless much the smallest; these have come to it by a sort of "natural selection," by a certain "elective affinity," inasmuch as they were called to it by an inward calling. Now the crowd hears everything, and the taste, the culture becomes less reserved, religious and sincere, and more a thing of fashions and of crowds. Everybody can go to see Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert elegantly dressed, made perfectly presentable among a whole ball room rabble full as exquisite (perhaps more "stunning") but how many really meet and feel the *man*.

In short we wonder whether our concert audiences to-day, listening to the finely finished, brilliant renderings of a peripatetic model orchestra, really enjoy, feel, appreciate a great work, say a Beethoven Symphony, as deeply and as truly as did Boston audiences in their "day of small things" in the way of execution, albeit great in the "ideal contents" of the programmes kept religiously before them, ten and even twenty years ago. *Laudator temporis acti* is by no means our motto. We are for progress in all things, musical execution as well as musical culture in the inward and more spiritual sense. Yet we cannot help mistrusting that Boston cares less for the *soul* of music now, than it did some years ago; that, having earned a reputation for loyalty and earnestness of musical taste and feeling, it has been its fate to draw to itself, as to a tempting field of speculation, seductive influences and formidable means that tend to merge the deeper love of the comparatively few in a more general and indiscriminate and loudly demonstrative enthusiasm,—to turn the current into a new and less sincere direc-

tion. When perfect execution becomes so indispensable to true enjoyment of great music, we begin to have our doubts about the quality, the depth of the enjoyment. Is it necessary that a Symphony must be executed with an absolute precision, finely carried out and shaped in every minutest leaf and tendril? May not something be left to the imagination, to the active coöperation of the hearer's own mind? Is it not better on the whole that the mind should meet the intention of the music half way? And is not this the greatest benefit of which a work of Art can be to us, that it excite our own imaginative faculty, and make us in some sense, while we listen, co-creators with itself?

But if we have it all done for us, if we become mere passive recipients, what has become of the soul of the composition? what is it to us more than a sensation of the moment, more than the glass of costly wine which we have drunk. No, our appreciation of a Symphony is not merely in proportion to the perfection with which its every detail is rendered. A beautiful, a most effective ornament has, in a very simple way, been put upon our beautiful city; that gilded dome upon the State House is a "thing of beauty" from whatever point it can be seen; now if you could smooth out every dent and inequality upon the shining surface and make it perfect as a crystal, would it become a whit more beautiful? The truth is you see it perfect as it is; the *ideal form* is present to your mind, and that is all you want.

We repeat then, what we have said once incidentally before: that in Music, as in all Art, the moment the *manner*, the execution, comes to be thought of more account than the *matter*, than the composition, the ideal contents of the work,—the rendering than the programme,—that moment we are making progress in the decadence in Art. And this is what we mean by musical materialism.

A "Sapphic Ode."

THE AMERICAN HERO—1775.

Some grand old verses, re-published in the newspaper on the approach of our glorious Centennial should have been sung at Bunker Hill that day. They have the true poetic inspiration, and glow with the holiest fire of patriotism. The *Advertiser* gives this brief account of them: "On the arrival of the news of the battle of Bunker Hill, Judge Nathaniel Niles of Vermont wrote, by the light of his hearthstone fire, a 'Sapphic ode,' which was sung in all American churches during the Revolution, to the tune called 'Bunker Hill.' It became as great a favorite among the soldiers of the continental army as 'John Brown's Body' among those of the Union army in the late war."

What the tune of "Bunker Hill" was one might be curious to know. And it seems very strange that so grand an ode, sung in the churches and the army all that time, could have grown obsolete; surely it was worthy of a place among the best in all collections of American poetry. It is Horatian in its spirit as well as its rhythm, being plainly modelled upon "*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus*," which is sung by all our male part-song clubs as composed by Flemming. Though that simple composition is no work of genius, it is pure and dignified, and these words sung to it by the Apollo Club on that occasion would have been inspiring. Of course Flemming's music did not exist at the time of the Revolution, nor is the "Sapphic" found among the old Psalm Book metres. The Ode is as follows:—

Why should vain mortals tremble at the sight of
Death and destruction in the field of battle,
Where blood and carnage clothe the ground in
crimson,

Sounding with death groans?

Death will invade us by the means appointed,
And we must all bow to the king of terrors;
Nor am I anxious, if I am prepared,

What shape he comes in.

Infinite goodness teaches us submission,
Bids us be quiet under all his dealings;
Never repining, but forever praising
God our Creator.

Well may we praise him; all his ways are perfect;
Though a resplendence infinitely glowing,
Dazzles in glory on the sight of mortals,
Struck blind by lustre!

Good is Jehovah in bestowing sunshine;
Nor less his goodness in the storm and thunder;
Mercies and judgments both proceed from kindness,
Infinite kindness!

O then exult, that God forever reigneth!
Clouds which around him hinder our perception
Bind us the stronger to exalt his name, and
Shout louder praises!

Then to the wisdom of my Lord and Master
I will commit all that I have or wish for;
Sweetly as babes sleep will I give my life up
When call'd to yield it.

Now *Mars*, I dare thee, clad in smoky pillars,
Bursting from bomb shells, roaring from the cannon,
Rattling in grape shot, like a storm of hail stones,
Torturing *Æther*!

Up the bleak heavens let the spreading flames rise,
Breaking like *Ætna* through the smoking columns,
Low'ring like *Egypt* o'er the falling city,
Wantonly burnt down.

While all their hearts quick palpitate for havoc,
Let slip your bloodhounds, nam'd the British lions;
Dauntless as death-stares, [?] nimble as the whirl-
wind,

Dreadful as demons!

Let oceans waft on all your floating castles,
Fraught with destruction horrible to nature;
Then, with your sails fill'd by a storm of vengeance,
Bear down to battle!

From the dire caverns made by ghostly miners,
Let the explosion, dreadful as volcanoes,
Heave the broad town, with all its wealth and people,
Quick to destruction!

Still shall the banner of the King of heaven
Never advance where I'm afraid to follow;
While what precedes me, with an open bosom,
War, I defy thee!

Fame and dear freedom *bure* me on to battle,
While a fell despot, grimmer than a death's head,
Stings me with serpents, fiercer than Medusa's,
To the encounter.

Life for my country and the cause of freedom
Is but a trifle for a worm to part with;
And if preserv'd in so great a contest,
Life is redoubled.

(Crowded out last time.)

PART-SONG CLUBS. During the past weeks our two principal Clubs of male voices, the *APOLLO*, and the *BOYLSTON*, have each given two Concerts to admiring crowds in the great Music Hall. The singing of the former,—a well selected, solid, and well balanced body of 67 voices,—even surpassed their own high standard of past years. The sweet, pure, rich ensemble of tone, its vital resonance, was most remarkable; and the execution, in all points of precision, light and shade, &c., was singularly perfect. There were symptoms of weariness, to be sure, in some of the high tenors in the last piece, that noble double chorus from Mendelssohn's "*Oedipus*," and yet the effect as a whole was very grand. "*Evening Rest*," by Hamma, was exquisitely sung. Schubert's "*Die Allmacht*," arranged by Liszt for tenor solo and chorus, we unfortunately lost. The rest of the programme was of the usual order, and of course very popular. There was excellent solo-singing by Dr. LANGMAID and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH; and Mr. LANG, the Conductor of the Club, with Mr. SUMNER, played a Rondo of Chopin for two pianos. —The second concert was a repetition of the first, with the exception of the solos, Mr. J. F. Winch singing "*March Onward*" by Faure, and Mr. W. J. Winch a couple of songs by Franz. The "*Oedipus*" chorus went to a charm this time.

The Boylston Club sang this time under their new Conductor, Mr. GEORGE L. OSGOOD, who had been with them only a few weeks, so that the results of his training could hardly yet be very marked. In the repetition of the Concert the improvement was decided. There is a fine body of fresh young voices, and they sing with spirit. The more important pieces were "*The Morning Walk*" by Esser, Schumann's "*Gipsy Life*," arranged for male voices, and Dudley Buck's singing March: "*Hark! the trumpet*," which was encored. There was effective solo singing by Mr. W. C. Tower, Mr. Harry Gates, Mr. Reed and Mr. Hay, and Mr. Colburn. Mr. Petersilea played on the pianoforte Liszt's "*Faust*" Waltz, arranged by Gounod.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society for the choice of a Board of Government for the ensuing year was held in Bumstead Hall, Loring B. Barnes presiding. The treasurer's report shows the expenditures to have been for the year \$10,686.17; income, \$10,397; deficit, \$1459.17. President Barnes, who had declined the nomination for reëlection, presented a report giving a resumé of the society's history, and speaking particularly of his personal relations with it, which extended back twenty years. During the period last specified he was secretary fifteen years, director three years and president four years.

During the past season there have been thirty-five rehearsals, and the attendance upon these has averaged 300 members. He thought the society, as a musical body, was now in a better condition than ever before. The deficit shown in the treasurer's report arises not in any degree from losses by concerts, but from the occupation of Beethoven Hall and the system of associate membership now in vogue.

With but two or three exceptions the vote for members of the Board of Government was unanimous, the newly-elected president, Mr. Charles C. Perkins, receiving the entire ballot for the office, which was eighty votes. The other gentlemen elected are the following-named: Vice President—George H. Chickering; Secretary—A. Parker Brown; Treasurer—George W. Palmer; Librarian—John H. Stickney. Directors—W. O. Perkins, J. S. Sawyer, R. Beeching, F. H. Jenks, M. G. Daniel, W. F. Bradbury, A. H. Wilson, George T. Brown.

Organ Music in New York.

MR. EDITOR:—Our musical people cannot complain of a lack of opportunities to hear good music during the past season.—The Philharmonic Society has given its six concerts and eighteen public rehearsals; Theo. Thomas's perfect orchestra has given six regular concerts and public rehearsals, besides occasional concerts and matinées; Dr. Damrosch and his Chorus have given several Oratorios; &c., &c. But we have had something new in the way of musical performances, viz: Organ Music. In the winter of 1870, Mr. Samuel P. Warren gave a series of organ recitals, but since then no one has attempted anything of the kind. However, they did excellent service at the time, and gave an impetus to organ playing in our City, which has manifested itself ever since in a greater interest in this kind of music. You have probably heard of young Dr. Tyng's new church, with its fine organ built by Mr. Hilborne Roosevelt. It is undoubtedly the largest and most effective organ in our city. It contains a number of new contrivances; perhaps the most striking is that of having the reeds of the great organ enclosed in the swell box,—by which a tremendous but gradual crescendo may be obtained.

It was decided to give weekly organ concerts, under the management of the Director and organist of the church, Mr. S. P. Warren. A great degree of interest has been manifested in these concerts, especially by organists and amateurs. When I say organists I do not mean those who play the piano all the week and take an organ on Sunday to help along; but those who make the study of the organ a speciality. Organists of various degrees of ability have performed at these concerts, but tone and character have been given to them by their director, Mr. Warren. His programmes contain the most difficult as well as the finest works for the organ. Let me mention some of the leading works: Reubke's Sonata in C minor—which undoubtedly contains more technical difficulties for manual and pedal than any other single organ composition; Schumann's and Liszt's Fugues on B. A. C. H.; Thiele's Variations in A flat, Concert Pieces in C minor, E flat minor, No. 3 in C minor (manuscript), and Adagio in A flat (manuscript); an entire Bach programme, containing some of the author's greatest works,—besides the many fugues, trios and chorals given during the series; Haupt's Fugue in C (manuscript); Van Eyken's Sonata in A minor; Rheinberger's Sonata, Op. 65; besides selections by Krebs, Merkel, Ritter, Volekmar, Gade, Carl Piatti, Guilmant, E. J. Hopkins, &c., &c.

As you may readily see, this is a noble contribution to the cause of organ music and real organ playing,—both of which are comparatively so little understood. Many of the works are played for the first time in our city, and some of the most difficult for the first time in this country. Such efforts cannot be too highly appreciated,—they certainly are by the audiences which have attended the series. Even more enjoyable are the free weekly recitals which Mr. Warren is now giving during this month. Every programme presents new works of the same high order of music.—So much for the character of

the works; now for their actual performance. Mr. Warren's technique is superb. His rendering is bold, masterly, and full of spirit; or delicate, graceful and poetical, according as the work in hand demands, and his conception artistic and comprehensive.

New York, June 10, 1875.

DETROIT, JUNE 16.—The enclosed programme of music was performed on Friday evening, by the pupils of Prof. Hahn of this city. It speaks for itself. We sincerely hope the example set by this worthy instructor in holding fast to high standards may be followed more generally both in the East and the West, till the works of the great masters become with us, as in Germany, household words.

- Concerto—in D Minor Bach.
With Quartet accompaniment.
Miss Kate Jacobs.
Concerto—in G Minor, (1st Movement), Mendelssohn.
With Quintet and 2d Piano Accompaniment.
Miss Eliza Jenking.
Larghetto—from Second Symphony Beethoven.
Two Pianos—Eight Hands.
Misses Strauburg, Harris, Warner, Pope.
Concerto—in C Minor Beethoven.
(1 Movement, with Cadenza by Moscheles.)
Quintet and 2d Piano Accompaniment.
Miss Jennie H. Baxter.
String Quartet—No. 1 Cherubini.
Messrs. Luderer, Chandler, E. & R. Speil.
Concerto—in F Minor, Op. 19 Bennett.
(11 and 111 Movements.)
With Quintet Accompaniment.
Miss Ellen B. Baxter.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE. The incident which follows is related in a letter from a Paris correspondent of the New York World, which appeared as long ago as 1869. Our readers will thank the one who cut it out and saved it all this time for them.

Here is a thoroughly characteristic story of Parisian life from the carnival just ended, showing how near together lie the springs of laughter and of tears in the mobile, generous, noble, but dramatic nature of the Gaul. Late in the night of Shrove Tuesday (or early in the morning of Ash Wednesday) a band of masquers, students and grisettes, were going to their homes in the Latin Quarter. They had spent the night at the masked ball of the Chatelet, and they were improvising Chatelet dances along the streets as they went. Suddenly, in the Carrefour Buci, they came upon a poor, half starved creature wandering helplessly about with a sick child in her arms. One of their number, a young girl (perhaps not a wholly commendable young girl), halted the company, and, snatching the pointed white hat of a ridiculous Pierrot from his ridiculous head, she handed it from one to another of her gay companions. Each answered the mute appeal with a piece of silver, and the young girl, tying the contributions hastily into her handkerchief, presented it thus filled to the poor vagrant. Ere the astonished and tearful woman could stammer out her thanks, one of the young revellers snatched the handkerchief out of her hand and, to the astonishment and indignation of his comrades, quietly unknotted it and took out the money. Then taking out his pocket-book, he wrapped the silver in a bank-note, returned it thus enveloped to the poor woman, and, carefully folding up the handkerchief, put it in his bosom as a souvenir and led the company off again homewards to an air from "La Perichole." There are a great many excellent people in MASSACHUSETTS; but we doubt whether such an incident as this would be likely to happen to a company of young Bostonese returning from a Thanksgiving dance. Every people has its own ways of being good and bad.

WHAT IS A "CLASSIC?" James Russell Lowell, in his admirable paper in the North American Review, on Spenser, gives this definition, which will apply as well to Music as to Poetry:

"A classic is properly a book which maintains itself by virtue of that happy coalescence of matter and style, that innate and exquisite sympathy between the thought that gives life and the form which consents to every mood of grace and dignity, which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new, and incapable of growing old."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Down the Shadowed Lane she goes. 5. F to f. Osgood. 40

"Shadowy lanes and dells among,
With wild flowers laden."

May appear to be easier than the 5th degree, but requires a mellow, cultivated, flexible voice for its full effect. A fine composition.

Waiting for the Swallows. 4. d to e. Pinsuti. 50

"Sing on, sing on, ye happy birds,
The fresh young leaves bend o'er you."

Like many others of Pinsuti's composition, it is a very fine English song, with an Italian finish. Full of bird melodies.

Five o'clock 'Bus. 2. G to d. Young. 35

"My name it is Stokes and at Putney I dwell."
A comic song with considerable wit in it.

Which is the properest Day to drink. Glee. 3. G to a. Dr. Arne. 30

An old English comic glee. Melody about the same as that of the children's "Which is the properest way to sing," which words may be easily substituted for the others.

A River thro' each winding Glade. 3. G to d. Wrighton. 30

"So flows thro' all life's mazy paths,
My steadfast love for thee."

A smooth going song with a rich melody.

Dreams of the Past. S'g and Cho. 3. A♭ to f. Felton. 30

"O come to-night;
Cheer me again with your visions bright."

Very effective solo, and a fine chorus.

Upon a stormy Sunday. 3. D♭. Carpenter. 30

"Laddie! Why dinna ye wear your plaid;
Who kens but it may rain."

A very charming Scotch ballad.

The Family Bruscamble. 3. F to G. Offenbach. 35

"My father was a pretty man."
"Mon pere était un bel homme."

Very lively, and the "Family Bruscamble" is puffed very zealously. From the "Jolie Parfumeuse."

There sits a Bird on yonder Tree. 4. A♭ to G. Skeffington. 35

"O stoop from thine Eyrie down,
And nestle thee near my heart."

A first-class song every way.

Instrumental.

First Kiss Waltz. (Le premier baiser). 3. C. Lamothe. 75

Bright and entertaining music, which corresponds well to the sweetness of the title.

Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground. Fantasia de Concert. 6. G. Pape. 1.00

Sabbath Evening Chimes. Fantasia on "The Bells of Abervodry. 6. Eb Pape. 1.00

Mr. Pape has done a very good work in bringing out pieces of this class. Founded on favorite melodies, they are with the ornate decorations which are in good taste and ingeniously arranged, some of the best of concert or exhibition pieces, and just within the reach of a number of the best players in seminaries, and of skilful musical amateurs everywhere.

The Red Cross March. 3. Eb. G. D. Wilson. 75

It seems Mr. Wilson has been found worthy of knighthood, and proves himself a worthy Knight Templar by the production of this extra-fine march. Richly colored title page.

Ocean Spray Polka. 3. A♭. Spinning. 30

Dedicated to Mr. S's pupils, who will not fail to dash through it with a zest suggested by the sultry weather, and the refreshing quality of the music.

Promenade Militaire. Marche Caractéristique. 3. D to Eb. Neustedt. 50

A beautiful march of considerable variety.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked 1 to 7. The keys marked with a capital letter: as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an *italic* letter the highest note, if above the staff.

